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JOTTINGS
BY
RANSFORD



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JOTTINGS,

BY

EDWIN RANSFORD.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

LONDON:

RANSFORD AND SON,

MUSICSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS,

2, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,

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INTRODUCTION.

By the desire of many friends,
I publish these my "odds and ends,"
Or "Jottings," or whate'er you please,
Written by me in times of ease.
"The mind must be employed," 'tis said;
Employment must to it be wed,
Or it will into mischief run,
And soon undo the good begun;
I, bearing this remark in view,
At once resolved on what to do,
And calling promptly to my aid
The Muses—I some verses made,
Which so encouraged me, that I
Determined was again to try;
So on I went from time to time
In writing verses—making rhyme—
Until I found my *idle hours*
Were strengthening my mental powers;
Encouraged still, I still progressed,
With all the mind that I possessed;
And if I your approval have,
'Tis all I wish—'tis all I crave.

EDWIN RANSFORD.



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JOTTINGS, BY RANSFORD.

IN THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSYING.

My first Song, written in 1837.

In the days when we went gipsying, a long time ago,
The lads and lasses in their best were dressed from top to toe;
We danced and sung the jocund song upon the forest green,
And nought but mirth and jollity around us could be seen.
And thus we passed the pleasant time, nor thought of care or woe,
In the days when we went gipsying, a long time ago.

All hearts were light, and eyes were bright, while nature's
face was gay,
The trees their leafy branches spread, and perfume filled
the May;
'Twas there we heard the Cuckoo's note steal softly through
the air,
While every scene around us looked most beautiful and fair.
And thus we passed, &c.

We filled a glass to every lass, and all our friends most dear,
And wished them many happy days, and many a happy year;
We gave the King with all our heart, and may his subjects be
Our nation's pride, all lands beside, and glory of the sea!
And thus we passed, &c.

And should we ever pay again a visit to the scene,
We'll sing with all our heart and voice, God bless our gracious
Queen;
May she live long o'er us to reign, and by her actions prove
That she has gained her utmost wish, a people's lasting love!
And thus we'll pass the pleasant time, nor think of care or woe,
As we did when we went gipsying, a long time ago.

MINNIE MAY.

DEAR Minnie May, for thee I sigh,
But sigh for thee in vain;
Those lips that bade a last "good-bye,"
Can never speak again.
Thy tender heart—thy gentle voice—
Those prayers breathed forth for me—
That used to make my heart rejoice,
Have ever ceased to be.
Oh! Minnie May, oh! Minnie May,
She was my only love;
But death has borne her far away
To peaceful realms above.

Oh! Minnie May, when we were young,
Engaged in childish play,
The joyous music of thy tongue
Made bright each passing day.
And as I grew to riper years,
'Mid sorrow and 'mid grief,
Thy cheering smile would dry my tears,
And give my heart relief.
Oh! Minnie May, oh! Minnie May,
She was my only love;
But death has borne her far away
To peaceful realms above.

How oft have we worked side by side
Down in the cotton field,
When our fond hearts, which swelled with pride,
Their secrets have revealed.
Now, I am left but to deplore
Thy loss, while life remain;
And nought can ever here restore
This broken heart again.
Oh! Minnie May, oh! Minnie May,
She was my only love, &c.

OLD PILTY AND THE BOY.

A MAN in our village, renowned for his wit,
Walking out on a hot summer's day,
And seeing a boy with a bottle, he thought
How he'd like just to moisten his clay.
He called to the lad whom he took on one side,
And said to him—"what hast got there?"
Said the boy, "I be going to the haymaking field,
And I've got, sir, a bottle of beer."
Said Pilty, for that was his name you must know,
"I'll give thee a penny, my boy,
To let's have a drink,—when thee think'st I've enough,
Just thee twirl round thy hat and cry—*ho-y!*"
The boy then consented to give him a drink,
First taking the penny in hand,
And Pilty commenced, but he hadn't drunk much
Ere the boy well obeyed the command.
He twirled round his hat and he holloa'd aloud—
But no notice was taken at all,
For Pilty kept drinking and swigging away,
And the boy thought 'twas no use to call.
Still he holloa'd and shouted and holloa'd again—
"Thee hast had quite enough I am thinking."
He pulled Pilty's arm, and said, "didn't thee hear?"
"How can a man hear when he's drinking?"
The lad was not satisfied with this put-off,
And said—talking such stuff wouldn't do—
"Then *thee* take the bottle, old Pilty replied,
And see if my words be not true."
The boy put the bottle then up to his mouth—
To know *that*, is just what I want.
Pilty then twirled his hat and pretended to shout—
"How odd," said the boy—"more he can't!"

MY FRIEND AND OLD COMPANION.

My friend and old companion !

What pleasure 'tis to meet

With those we loved in early youth,

Whose friendship still we greet ;

Whom we can grasp with steady hand

And give the hearty shake,

And bid them welcome at our board,

And of our fare partake.

Such friendship must be always dear

To every English heart ;

Then let us cherish it, my friend,

Nor with it lightly part ;

'Twill guide us through life's rugged road,

Our burdens help to bear ;

'Twill smooth our path in later days,

And lighten every care !

My friend and old companion !

When we were young and gay,

When every hour passed fleetly by,

And joyous was each day,

How little then we knew of care,

And of the world's rude strife,

Each day and hour was happiness,

And every moment life.

And though we've passed, since then, my friend,

Through many scenes of care,

Some happy moments still are left

In which we yet can share.

Then let our love and friendship last

Till time shall with us end,

And may we still to each one be

Companion—brother—friend!

HOW TO GET BOTTL.

THOMAS HARRIS, our village carpenter,
Who lived down at the Weir,
When work he'd done, was often asked
If he would take some beer?
Thomas would say—"Please—thanky, Sir,—
I don't know hardly why,
But somehow I do feel to-day
More *hungry* nor a-dry!"
Another time when Thomas came
And did my Father please,
He'd be asked by him if he would take
A crust of bread and cheese?
Now Thomas' object being each time
To get them *both*, d'ye see,
Would say—" 'tis strange—but I to-day
More *dry* nor hungry be!"

WHAT IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

OH! what is all the world to me,
If thou to me art cold?
I'd every other charm resign,
So I might thee behold;
Each passing hour to me is drear,
Each day is sad and lone;
Without one cheering smile from thee,
All happiness is flown.
Oh! what is all the world to me,
If thou inconstant prove,—
If, while I fondly think on thee,
Thou dost withhold thy love?
Then turn thee not from me away,
But one kind look impart;
And let me feel, as once I did,
I still possess thy heart.

TOMMY'S GRAVE.

My Father's Old Pony.

I SING the little Pony, Tommy Grey,—
Who served his Master well from day to day ;
For several years he grudged not strength nor time,
When he was stout and well up in his prime.
Sometimes his work was easy—sometimes hard—
But Tommy always met his due reward ;
For if he seemed fatigued or rather worn,
He always had an extra feed of corn.
His Master good, and merciful, and kind,
Tommy well knew from him he'd mercy find ;
So did his work with glee as best he could,
And always earned with pride his daily food.
Nothing to Tommy ever came amiss,
He never cared for that, nor thought of this ;
But, soon as early morn had well begun,
Tommy was always ready for a run.
Whenever David went to fetch him home
From field or meadow, he would always come ;
But if the boy were sent—he seemed to say—
“ You're not old David ”—and would trot away ;
Across the field he'd bound like any deer,
Tossing his head aloft in wild career,
Until the boy could get him in some place
With closer quarters, and with face to face ;
In harness, well equipped, he looked so smart,
That he was much admired in every part ;
From head to foot—from mane unto the tail—
In nothing was he ever known to fail.
Whene'er his master's friends a visit paid
And for a week—or month—or longer stayed,
And wished to take a drive a mile or two,
Tommy was ordered, harnessed, and put to ;
And when that all was ready, and “ all right,”
He'd spin along the road with all his might,

And up the hills he'd pull and tug so free,
Pleased with his driver and his company.
At length, poor Tommy, growing almost blind,
And likewise very old, was much inclined
To stumble, and to shy, and reel about,
Which made his best friends fear and much to doubt
Whether or not they might on him depend,
And ride with safety to their journey's end.
So 'twas determined, on one day, that he
Should meet his death, and here no longer be.
The time was fixed, and Tommy then was led
Down to the Goss where he'd so often fed,
And where his grave was dug and all prepared,
But where he oft before so well had fared.
The gun was ready—loaded—primed and all,
By which this little pony was to fall.
He to the fatal shot his life did yield,
And now lies buried in the self-same field.

SMILE ON, SMILE ON!

SMILE on, smile on!
Nor let nor grief nor care thy mind distress;
The past has flown, the past has flown,
Let genial smiles pervade each saddened face,
And from the heart all sorrow chase,
Till nought but sunshine we can trace.
Smile on, smile on!

Come, sunshine, come!
And let thy light shed down on us its cheering rays,
Make bright our path! and may we still in future days
Pour out our grateful song of praise,
And ever sing in joyous lays—
Smile on, smile on!

SWEETHEART.

WHEN the sun has left the west,
And the lark has sunk to rest,
Then, love, meet me in the glen,
There to pledge our vows again.
When the dewdrop decks the flower,
And sweet fragrance fills the bower,
When the breezes whisper low,
Then, dear sweetheart, let us go.

When the stars above are bright,
When the moon sends down her light,
And all silent is the grove,
In the glen, then, meet me, love.
When the lonely nightingale
Breathes soft music through the vale,
When the night-winds softly blow,
Then, dear sweetheart, let us go.

CALMS AND STORMS.

THE winds blow wildly o'er the plain,
And 'midst the forest trees :
But they with firm and stalwart limbs
Smile on the howling breeze.
The traveller, cold, and wet, and wan,
And with decrepit form,
Seeks him some shelter from the blast,
And from the raging storm.

At length the wild winds cease to blow,—
The black clouds cease to rain,—
The glorious sun once more appears,
And all is bright again.
Then let us heed nor calms nor storms,
But meet them as they come,
For both are needful in their turn
To glad our happy home.

TO MY MOTHER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, JULY 29, 1853.

Oh! had I but a Cowper's mind!
It should not rest till I could find
Some heavenly theme, or happy lay,
To greet thee on thy natal day.

Alas! such bliss is not for me;
I therefore must contented be
To write thee in my own plain way,
As best I can—as best I may.

Then to my task!

How many years have past and gone
Since first thy form was gazed upon
By a fond Mother's beaming eyes,
Beaming with blessings from the skies!
And, oh! what love was planted then
In thy young heart, which my poor pen
Cannot describe, but which has been
Thy firm support through many a scene.

Thy Mother, with a mother's care,
Did watch thy growth; nor did she spare
One kindly act, so thou might'st prove
A fitting emblem of her love.
Thy heart, thus formed with love and truth,
Has been thy guide in early youth—
Thy constant friend in later years—
Thy solace now old age appears.

Oh! my dear Mother, what delight
'Twould give me now, could I but write
The dictates of a grateful heart,
Which I would fain to thee impart!

How oft, in childhood, I've partook
Of thy sweet smiles and kindly look!
And when thou didst at all reprove,
'Twas done in gentleness and love.

And oft, upon a Sunday night,
Oh! how I'd listen with delight,
To hear thy soft and duleet voice,
Making my little heart rejoice!
And when the time arrived that I
Should quit thy home and say "good bye,"
Thy blessing followed in my wake,
To cheer, and bid me courage take.

But, ah! what scenes have taken place
Since then!—what changes we could trace!
Friends dead and gone—and only left
Their names behind, to those bereft;
Whose memories to us are dear,
And o'er whose graves the silent tear
Will sometimes fall in love profound,
As we bend o'er the sacred ground.
But though they're gone, we should not grieve;
They rest in heaven, we believe;
Their spirits have been borne to God,
Though they lie buried 'neath the sod.
Friends young and old alike are gone—
Friends we no more may look upon!
Thus all on earth must pass away,
And bid adieu to mortal clay.

Thy age, dear Mother, 's very great!
To-morrow makes thee eighty-eight!
But though thy age be great indeed,
From many sorrows thou art freed!
Thy life, thank God, is highly blest;
With every comfort thou'rt possessed;
Thy children, too, both one and all,
Are ready to obey thy call;
Their love for thee is ever strong,
And will remain as such, as long
As thou art spared to them on earth,
And they be spared to feel thy worth.

Our Father, who for fifty years
 Did share with thee thy smiles and tears,
 Has gone to his eternal rest,
 Where dwell for ever all the blest.
 But thou, dear Mother, still art near,
 To help, to comfort, and to cheer !
 Whilst thou art with us, we yet feel
 A fond affection o'er us steal,
 That tells us we've a Parent's care
 Still mindful of us everywhere ;
 And will be so while life remains,
 And health and strength she still retains.

Thou'st done for me a mother's part,
 Accept thou now a grateful heart ;
 Yea, ALL that heart could now suggest,
 Or by the tongue could be expressed.

May blessings still with thee increase ;
 May thy last years be crowned with peace ;
 And when this world shall with thee close—
 Oh ! may thy soul find sweet repose !

ACROSTIC.

EV'NING's lovely sun has set
 Down in yonder grassy mead,
 Wanton lads and maids are met
 In the fields where lambkins feed.
 Now the shepherds tune their lay
 Round the merry maypole high,
 And the happy swains so gay
 Number 'neath the bright blue sky ;
 Send the pipe and tabor round,
 Fortune smiles on us to-night,
 O'er each heart let joy be found
 Reigning 'mid the sportive sight,
 Down among the meadows bright.

BILLY'S LAMENT.

A DOLEFUL DITTY.

Tune "There was a jolly Miller."

Now listen all, and lend an ear,
 While I my tale relate;
 And when you've heard what you shall hear,
 You'll all bewail my fate.
 The tide of grief with me runs high;
 But wretched though I be,
 "I envies nobody, no, not I,
 And nobody envies me."

As soon as daylight my eye meets,
 I leaves my precious bed,
 And wanders thro' the crowded streets
 To earn my daily bread,
 I eyes the *swells* as they goes by—
 But *nobby* though they be,
 "I envies nobody," &c.

The boys they follers me about,
 And calls me shameful names;
 Says, "does your mother know you're out?"
 And plays all sorts of games.
 But though their jeering does me try,
 I bears it cheerfully,
 "For I envies nobody," &c.

It's not no use complaints to make;
 The people, as they pass,
 All think themselves so *wide awake*,
 And me as *green as grass*.
 But though they lift their heads so high,
 And treats me scornfully,
 "I envies nobody," &c.

I'm a honest *in-de-wit-ri-al*,
 And never owes no debts ;
 And when I meets a friend and pal,
 I never him forgets.
 Sometimes my hardships makes me sigh
 And feel my misery ;
 " But I envies nobody," &c.

Times an't now what they used to was,
 I'm getting precious thin ;
 I can't get wholesome wittles, 'cause
 I ha'n't got not no tin.
 But though I can't my wants supply,
 And ease my poverty,
 " I envies nobody, &c,"

What I goes through you'd scarce believe,
 My suffering's very great ;
 And I felt quite sure that you would grieve
 At Billy's wretched fate.
 And now I wish you all " good bye ;"
 And though forlorn I be,
 " I envies nobody," &c.

MORAL.

Before we part, I wish to say
 To all a word or two ;
 For see your Billy where you may,
 You'll find him always true.
 Now as we cannot all be *high*,
 Let this our feelins be,
 " I envies nobody," &c.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

THE Poet says,—“ What's a house without a woman ? ”
 I say,—*Comfortless*, and fit for no man.

MOLLY CARR.

WHEN I at my window am gazing,
 'Tis not at a comet nor star;
 But an object more bright and more pleasing—
 The face of my sweet Molly Carr.
 Nor violets, roses, nor lilies,
 With her can be put on a par,
 Nor daisies, nor daffodownillies
 Can vie with my sweet Molly Carr.
 Ye soldiers, who foremost in battle
 Run all kinds of danger in war,
 Are more safe from the cannon's loud rattle
 Than the *Eyes* of my sweet Molly Carr.
 Ye sailors, who plough the salt ocean,
 And steer by the compass afar,
 Your compass is not, I've a notion,
 So true as my sweet Molly Carr.
 No maiden in all this proud nation,
 Nor any fine country afar,
 Whate'er be her rank or her station,
 Has smiles like my sweet Molly Carr.
 Had I all the wealth and the treasure
 Of Russia's great monarch, the Czar,
 All that would I lay down with pleasure
 At the feet of my sweet Molly Carr.

HEALTH TO THE PRINCE!

HEALTH to the Prince! old England's future King!
 May he to England's throne all honor bring!
 May those examples set him in his youth
 Dwell in his heart and be maintained with truth!
 On England's Prince may showers of bliss descend,
 And may he ever prove old England's friend!
 Sweet beaming hope his steps illumine around,
 And every virtue in his path abound!

EMMETTS.

After returning from a short visit to this delightful spot.

EMMETTS—thou rural spot on England's earth—
Where dwell domestic bliss and moral worth ;
Where labour, in a foreign land though hard,
Has met with here its just and sweet reward !
Where the bright sun at early morn does peep,
To call its inmates from their balmy sleep.
Where on the lawn *Old Toby* loves to play
With *Jim* and *Tiny* sporting time away ;
Where the white Bantams strut about with pride,
'Neath lofty trees, or 'mid the green shrubs hide,
Where *Bob*, *Muff*, and *Quiz*, ramble through the wood
In search of Conies for their special food ;
Or with their master bound o'er hills and dales,
Shewing their pleasure by their wagging tails.
Where Host and Guests, as soon as luncheon's o'er,
Light up their pipes, then hasten to the door,
Don their slouch *wide-a-wakes*, and, stick in hand,
Start off across the fields or furrowed land,
Up hill and down, through brushwood and o'er stile,
Onward we go for many a pleasant mile ;
Until we wander far away, and then
Back we return to that sweet home again.
And then at silent eve, before the fire,
With all that man could wish or heart desire,
We talk of Chinamen—their ways and means,
Which makes one wish to travel to those scenes
Where so much wealth and luxury abound,
If industry shall in the man be found ;
And then, to change the scene, we have a Song,
Something that's jolly,—sweet,—and not too long,
As “Hob-a-nob,” and “Old Dog Tray,” shall prove,
With, too, “Come live with me and be my love.”
And if, perchance, some sudden stir be made
By any of the guests, or by the maid,

Up jumps Old Toby quick from off the ground,
And Tiny, too, and 'cross the room they bound,
With bow, wow, wow, alarming each one there,
Enough to frighten one from off one's chair ;
And, if the former's petted and caressed,
Tiny then seems as if she couldn't rest,
But flies at once to drive him from his place,
To bid him quit, and back his footsteps trace ;
Jealous as any petted dog can be,
Thinking no other one can love as she.
Thus does each evening pass in song and fun,
Till bed time comes, and then away we run.

UNDER THE MULBERRY TREE.

Come hither, ye lads and ye lasses so gay,
Come bring out your partners and trip it away
 Under the mulberry tree !
Let each one be happy, and all do their best
To foot it along with a will and a zest
 Under the mulberry tree !

Let old age and youth in the merry throng meet,
And every heart mingle and join in the treat
 Under the mulberry tree !
Let gayest of flowers be strewn on the ground,
And let their sweet fragrance add perfume around
 Under the mulberry tree !

Let mirth, and sweet music, and pleasure abound,
Until the glad valley shall echo the sound,
 Under the mulberry tree !
And when evening is o'er and the stars are all bright,
Let each to the other then bid a "good-night,"
 Under the mulberry tree !

TOMMY TADPOLE'S COURTSHIP.

TOMMY TADPOLE was a hero bold
As ever crossed the water,
He ran away, as I've been told,
With Jenny Jones's daughter.
Tho' Tommy was a Sailor true
And loved to be in battle,
Says he, "I loves the lasses, too,
I likes to hear their prattle."

Of course you've heard of Jenny Jones,
That's play'd upon the organ,
Who won the heart (for so she owns)
Of Mr. David Morgan;
They married one fine morn in May
(And what was very droll)
They had a daughter, people say,
That they did christen Poll.

Miss Poll she was so pretty, too,
And she grew up so fast,
That she had sweethearts not a few,
But that did not long last.
For Poll said she would have a lad
Who'd sailed upon the ocean,
And so she fixed on Tommy Tad,
For him she'd quite a notion.

Now Tommy courted two long years,
And said it was *delicious*;
He said his Polly had no fears,
Nor looked on him suspicious.
For Tommy was a nice young man,
At him the girls looked sly,
And said that they'd devise a plan
Poor Tommy's love to buy.

Says Tommy—"Girls, it is no go ;
 I've sworn my love to one,
 She's all I wish from top to toe,
 So you I means to shun.
 She thinks of me from night till morn,
 And I thinks much of she,
 She said, soon arter I was born,
 That I her love should be.

"She's now my spouse, and I just mean
 To love her 'midst all strife ;
 I ne'er saw one where'er I've been
 Like her in all my life.
 She's good and kind, and works as hard
 As any soul can do ;
 So nought shall now my love retard,
 I'll be her husband true.

"Now all young men what likes a lass,
 To me list, I beseech ;
 Before this very night shall pass
 A lesson I will teach.
 If you'd a happy life pursue,
 Don't give your minds to roam,
 But stick to one, and love her, too,
 And blest will be your home."

THE LITTLE MAN AND THE SNAILS.

A LITTLE man that I knew well
 Was asked one day, if he
 Could tell when snails were crawling out
 What weather 'twas to be ?
 Said he, "I'm sure they *bordes* no good,
 In that I'm pretty right ;
 To tell the truth, sir, I likes best
To see 'em out o'sight !"

A TRUISM.

'Tis not the merry look whereby the mind we trace,
There's many an aching heart beneath a smiling face.

THE WAYSIDE MOURNER.

SEATED at a door step on the outskirts of a village, near N——, a fair child was weeping over a vase of flowers; she was accosted by a stranger, who asked her the cause of her grief. "I'm waiting the return of my mother, who died four years since; as they carried her hither, they told me she would come back, and that as the stars and flowerets reappeared, so she would return to me."—"Dry your tears, fair child," replied the stranger; "it will be your lot, if you love God, to join your mother in heaven, where those bright stars are shining; but she can never return to you on earth."

SONG.

"FAIR child, why sit ye weeping over those faded flowers?
Oh! why art thou so sorrowful, why pass such weary hours?"
"I'm waiting for the sweet return of that dear sainted one
Whose spirit has to heaven fled, and left me here alone.
The anguish that my bosom feels, you do not, cannot know,
Though four long years have past since then, my poor heart's
filled with woe;
They told me she would come again, when, following in their
track,
The stars and flowerets reappear; but, ah! she comes not back!"
"Dear Girl, dry up those briny tears that round your eye-
lids burn,
You may to her in heaven ascend, but she can ne'er return!"

AS WE CAME O'ER THE SEA!

THE stars shone twinkling in the sky,
The billows were at rest,
The noiseless waves rolled peacefully
Across the ocean's breast.
The Moon's pale face, so softly bright,
Smiled on my love and me,
And shed around her silvery light,
As we came o'er the sea!

Our little bark swept through the deep
So gallantly and free,
While all above their watch did keep
To guard my love and me.
With mirth and song the hours went round,
And filled each heart with glee;
Nor was there one discordant sound,
As we came o'er the sea!

The morn returned in splendour gay,
As we the land did near;
The sun poured forth his cheering ray,
Nor did one cloud appear.
The scene around looked brightly fair,
And charmed my love and me;
While welcome greetings filled the air,
As we came o'er the sea!

A PUZZLE.

WHEN dining one day at the Freemasons' Hall,
I was asked by a friend to take wine;
I bowed my assent—when he kindly remarked,
“P'rhaps your friend on your right will us join?
I replied I was sure no objection he'd have,
And asked him—of course he said none;
We drank—and I said to him, “Sir, you must know
My friend's *Father* was *my* Father's Son.”

THE MERRY DANCE BENEATH THE OAK!

THE merry dance beneath the oak! what scenes it brings to mind,

When happiness was full in view, and care was left behind;
When youth and age in joyous mood did foot it to and fro,
And all around tripped sprightly on the "light fantastic toe."
The summer skies were bright and clear, and every heart was free,

As we revelled in the merry dance, beneath the old oak tree!

The merry song and ringing laugh resounded o'er the green,
And Phœbus shed his brightest rays to grace the happy scene;
While nature in her golden dress was decked with flowerets gay,
And warbling birds' sweet melody broke forth from every spray.
The summer skies were bright and clear, and ev'ry heart was free,

As we revelled in the merry dance, beneath the old oak tree!

And ere we left the rustic spot of merriment and mirth,
With loyal hearts we gave the Queen! the pride of all the earth;
May she to England long be spared, and happy be her reign,
And long the flag of freedom wave throughout her wide domain.
The summer skies were bright and clear, and every heart was free,

As we revelled in the merry dance, beneath the old oak tree!

THE CRYING BOY.

A BOY was once sitting across an old gate
That led to a field near the road,
And was crying away and bewailing his fate
As though he'd of grief quite a load;
Our old Doctor, who happened to be passing that way,
Inquired—"why this sorrowful cup?"
"The pretty girls all are," he said, with dismay,
"Being married before I grows up!"

THE PARSON AND THE HARE.

SAID a Parson one day to his man,—“when you see
A fine hare any time on the hill, come to me
And tell me where 'tis, that I may proceed
At once to the spot, which I'll do with all speed.”
“I want,” said the Parson, “a fine hare, to send
Up to Town to a very particular friend.”
Said Thomas, “All right! sir, just leave it to me,
I know just the place where one's likely to be;
And when I have found him, I'll soon let you know,
And you and I both, sir, together can go.”
The Parson, who always was thought a good shot,
By his man was next day called to visit a spot
Where lay a fine hare in a field near the road,
And Thomas inquired if the gun he should load?
Said the Parson, “Yes! Thomas, and make all the haste
You can, my good fellow, and let no time waste!
And then to your mistress, and ask her to write
Out the ticket I spoke of to her t'other night,
And as you'll be on the way to the *Cross Hands*,
You can take it at once without further commands;
And tell you the Landlord to mind and not fail
To send it to London to-night by the mail.”
Away then ran Thomas as fast as he could,
For he, like his Master, was just in the mood;
He brought back the gun and the ticket, all right,
And away they both trudged it to each one's delight.
They soon reached the field, and old Thomas's eye
Caught sight of poor pussy that soon was to die;
The Parson immediately shouldered his gun,
And now comes the very best part of the fun;
The hare was put up, and the Parson he shot;
But missing his aim, away the hare got;
And as he fast galloped o'er field and through thicket,
Old Thomas cried—“*Stop! Stop! thee hasn't the ticket!*”

LET'S SING THE GALLANT HEROES BOLD.

LET's sing the gallant heroes bold,
Who fought beyond the sea,
'Midst piercing cold, and scorching heat,
And won the victory!
On Alma's heights they bravely fought,
And bravely *conquered*, too,—
And showed to all the world around
What British hearts could do.

At Balaklava were their skill
And prowess to be seen,
With valour rife they honored both
Their country and their Queen!
The battle *there* they nobly won;
And though their loss was great,
Their strength maintained them in the fight,
Nor did their zeal abate.

At Inkermann! long will that name
To British hearts be dear;
There England's sons in glory fell,
'Mid battle's wild career.
But still the courage never failed
Of those that yet remained;
The daring foe they bravely faced,
Till they the victory gained!

Nor shall the gallant British Tars
By England be forgot;
Whene'er she needs their services,
They're ready on the spot!
They've ever been,—and ever will
Be,—masters of the seas;
Nor will they ever fear to meet
The battle and the breeze!

But we have now another corps,
A gallant British band,
Who will, should sterner duties call,
Defend our British land ;
I mean that band of Englishmen
Whose hearts are blunt to fears,
And who'll maintain their English rights—
The British Volunteers !

WHEN AUTUMN LEAVES ARE FALLING.

WHEN autumn leaves are falling,
And summer's past and gone,
How sweet it is to wander
The grassy meads alone ;
When all is calm and silent,
Save the low murmuring breeze,
Which steals along the valley
And through the spreading trees ;

To think upon the loved one,
Far, far across the sea,
Whose virtues will be cherished
Long in my memory !
No maid was ever fairer,
No heart more kind and true,
No eye was ever brighter
Than her's, my faithful Sue ;

But soon she'll be returning,
No more again to roam,
To dwell for ever with me,
And grace my happy home.
Our fond young hearts united
Will ever constant prove,
And nought on earth shall sever
Our happiness and love !

TO MY MOTHER, ON MY BIRTHDAY.

'Tis *eight* and *forty* years to-day
 Since I did first my powers display;
 Though *I* was weak, my voice was strong,
 As those well knew who heard my song.
 I kicked and squalled and made ado,
 And kept my time and tune so true,
 That all around seemed highly pleased,
 And then my little cheeks they squeezed.
 My Mother then, so kind and good,
 Embraced her babe and gave it food.
 Thus ended my first infant song,
 And thus beguiled the time along,
 And all remarked, and all confessed,
 I was the sweetest and the best
 They'd ever seen, or ever heard,—
 I sang like any little bird!
 And then my Mother, she would pray,
 (As on her gentle breast I lay)
 That I might walk in wisdom's ways,
 And learn to sing my Maker's praise
 And then my infant lips she kissed,
 (And even Nurse could not resist).
 So thus, with love and meekness mild,
 She pressed and blessed her infant child.

WHICH IS IT TO BE?

On leaving my house, a friend once said to me,
 "I scarcely know which way to go;
 For whether a *Cab* or a '*Bus* 'tis to be,
 I really and truly don't know."
 Said I, "My advice is to you as a friend—
 And to *all* married men when they come—
 From here take a *Cab*, 'twill be better, depend,
 And then a *buss* when you get home."

I LOVE THE MORN.

I LOVE the morn, the early morn,
 With its streaks of crimson red ;
 When song-birds gay with merry lay
 Wake from their leafy bed ;
 When perfumes rise from briar and flower,
 From scented shrub and tree,
 And shed their grateful fragrance round ;
 Oh ! the early morn for me !

I love the morn, the early morn,
 When the lark soars high above,
 And trills in sweetest melody
 Its notes of joy and love ;
 When Phœbus from the azure sky
 Smiles over land and sea,
 And glads all nature with his rays !
 Oh ! the early morn for me !

MY GRANDFATHER'S HAT.

My Grandfather's hat ! how it brings to my mind
 The days that are past and are left far behind ;
 When at morn's early dawn, ere in chair I had sat,
 I'd be off to the hall for my Grandfather's hat.
 When he'd lead me so tenderly round by the stile,
 With his white flowing locks and his ever fond smile ;
 Or when on his knee in the garden I've sat,
 Beneath the broad brim of my Grandfather's hat !
 That look of benevolence beaming with joy,
 When he thought how his substance he best might employ ;
 For he ever was ready his hand to extend
 To relieve the distress of a neighbour or friend ;
 Whose warm noble heart was so pure and sincere,
 That none e'er approached him with doubt or with fear ;
 The glad smile of welcome with pride ever sat
 Beneath the broad brim of my Grandfather's hat !

THE RASH MAN,

OUR maid-servant very obtrusive and rude,
Into the lodger's apartments would often intrude ;
One morning, he being annoyed, I suppose,
Let out—and a “regular rumpus” arose.
The girl came to me in a terrible fright,
As the clock was just striking out five—
“*Our Lodger,*” said she, “*Sir, is looking so wild,*
As if he could eat one alive ;”
Said I, my good girl, what has caused this alarm—
What makes you think all is not right ?
“*Because when I spoke to him, Sir, he bawled out*
You hussy—get out of my sight !
I'm certain he's going to commit some rash act,
Or he wouldn't have spoke so to me ;
He looks like a Cannibal, every inch—
That any one plainly can see.”
I remonstrated with her and scolded her well,—
But nought seemed at all to abash her,
However I ran—and it's *true* what I say,—
This *rash* man was eating a *rasher* !

THE TWO IRISHMEN.

TWO Irishmen met in the street t'other day,
When one spoke and said to the other—
“ I'm bothered completely—so tell me, I pray,
Am I speaking to you or your brother ?
You're so much alike, that I'm puzzled to guess
Which it is that before me I see.”
Said the other—“ I'll help you, sir, out of the mess ;
This time, you are speaking to *me* !”

AFTER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

AUGUST and SEPTEMBER, 1858.

MARYLEBONE.—*Arrest of the man Gout! Thoroughbad, Painful Gout*, a determined looking fellow of *florid* complexion and *bloated* appearance, belonging to the *Swell* mob, and also connected with that detestable gang the *Rheumatics*, was brought before the Sitting Magistrates, John ———, and Charles ———, Esquires, by *Inspector Colchicum*, charged with entering the dwelling-house of Mr. Ransford, the Vocalist, of 59, Welbeck-street, and while the Prosecutor was *wide awake*, that he did, with a crowbar, or something very like it, attempt to wrench off the cap of the Prosecutor's knee, and inflict other serious injuries. Policeman, Bluepill A 1, was first called, and stated that he entered the Prosecutor's *Sanctum Sanctorum*, and found the prisoner in the act of committing great violence on the Complainant, causing him intense suffering, and many a wry face; with the assistance of his brother officers, *Magnesia*, *Nitre*, and *Epsom Salts*, he had succeeded in arresting the Prisoner and bringing him before their Worships. *Inspector Watts* (Watts's gout pills, of Coventry) here stepped forward and informed the Bench that he had been in pursuit of this gang for several years past, and was successful in most cases in routing them from their lurking places; he was in hopes of exterminating them altogether, but the fellow *Gout* was of so desperate a character that he seemed determined to resist to the very last. Several witnesses were called by the Prisoner's Counsel to speak to character, viz.—*Hot-flannel*, *Warmwater*, *Waddling*, and *Bindup*; but all failed to produce a favorable impression on the bench. The prisoner was asked if he had anything to say in answer to the charge, when, with a look of *exulting grimace* and a *horrid grin*, he replied, "I've nothing to say." The Bench remanded him for a week, in order to afford the *officers* an opportunity of further investigating the affair, when it is expected he will be fully committed.

THE LOVE-SECRET.

Oh! I love my love silently!
 "You wish his *name* I'd mention?"
 But that's not my intention,
 For I love my love silently!
 Shall I *whisper* in your ear?
 Oh, no!—oh, no!
 It must not be *whispered*,
 It really would be *so* absurd;
 For I love my love silently!

Oh! I love my love silently!
 "Tell you if his eyes are blue?"
 Oh, no!—that would never do,
 For I love my love silently!
 "If the name begins with *A*?"
 Oh, no!—oh, no!
That must not be *yet* heard,
 It really would be *quite* absurd;
 As I love silently, silently!

Oh! I love my love silently!
 "Handsome?"—Oh! I could not say,
 I'll leave *you* to judge, *some day*;
 For I love my love silently!
 Shall I give you *half a hint*?
 Oh, no!—oh, no!
That must not be ventured,—
 It really would be *most* absurd;
 For I love my love silently!

THE OLD MAN AND THE DONKEY.

A CRABBED old man and his wife were one day
 Walking out, when they heard from a field a *loud bray*.
 "A *relation of yours*," said the old man, "we hear."
 "Oh, yes!—but it's only by *marriage*, my dear."

ELLEN OF THE LEA.

'Twas on a bright May morn,
Quite early in the Spring,
When pretty lambkins played
And merry birds did sing,
My heart was bounding gay,
My footsteps light and free,
When chance threw in my path
Sweet Ellen of the Lea :
With rapture now my heart beat high,
While joy beamed in her sparkling eye.

We climbed the sunny hill,
We roamed the shady grove,
We wandered by the stream,
And there we told our love.
I gazed upon her form,
Her hand I gently pressed,
While blushes graced her cheek,
As we our love confessed.
I'll hail the happy day with glee
That gave me Ellen of the Lea.

WARBLING BIRDS.

THE merry song of warbling birds, how pleasing to the ear !
It tells us winter-time is past and Spring again is near ;
It bids each saddened heart be gay, bids every eye be bright,
And all on earth to smile again with pleasure and delight.
To hear the lonely Nightingale, when evening shades appear,
Pour forth in plaintive melody its wild notes soft and clear—
That float upon the rising breeze from out the silent grove,
Telling in glad and tuneful strains of happiness and love.
The merry song of warbling birds, &c.

THE VOICE THAT WE LOVE!

Oh! sweet in the spring time's the birds' merry song,
And sweet are the streams as they ripple along;
Sweet, sweet are the notes of the skylark above,—
But sweetest of all is, the voice that we love!
Oh! sweet are the accents that fall on the ear
From friends we have known in our earliest year,—
And sweet nature's charms when in summer we rove,
But sweetest of all is, the voice that we love!

Oh! sweet are the zephyrs, as softly they sweep
O'er valleys at eve when the flowers are asleep;
Sweet, sweet are the nightingale's notes in the grove,—
But sweetest of all is, the voice that we love!
Oh! sweet is the village bells' chime, as it steals
Across the wide waters in gay merry peals;
And—sweet oft the tidings from distant friends prove,—
But sweetest of all is, the voice that we love!

THE BOY'S ILLUSTRATION OF HEAT AND COLD.

A SCHOOLMASTER once to his scholars explained
The difference existing between *heat* and *cold*;
“Do you quite understand me, my boys, he exclaimed;
Or do you again, now, require to be told?
The one it contracts, while the other expands.
I wish you to notice, boys, well, what I say;
Now stand up at once—put behind you your hands—
And give me some good illustration, I pray.”
One boy then stood forward to make it appear
That he understood it, and that he could show—
“*The longest days are in the summer, 'tis clear;
The shortest days are in the winter, you know!*”

ONE MORN IN MAY I LEFT THE SHORE.

ONE morn in May I left the shore
To fight for country, home, and beauty,
And, when amidst the cannon's roar,
With lion-heart I did my duty.
The enemy I did defy
Though great they might have been in story,
Resolved to conquer or to die,
For England, Home, for Love and Glory!

When bounding o'er the mighty deep,
With soul all eager for the battle,
I thought of honors I might reap
'Mid lightning's flash! and thunder's rattle.
I thought of her I left behind,
Of those brave hearts renowned in story,
And though rough perils I might find,
I'd fight for Home, for Love and Glory!

And when the raging war began,
The crew, with bold and manly daring,
All armed with courage to a man,
Resolved their foes they'd not be sparing.
The battle o'er,—the Victory won,—
The jolly tars now told their story,
Then with full glass, each gallant son
Gave,—“Here's to Home, to Love and Glory!”

THE SHOOTING CORN.

A SPORTSMAN asked, the other day,
His neighbour, Jacob Muz—
“Do *you* shoot, Jacob (by-the-way)?”
“No! but—I've got a *corn* as does.”

WELCOME, LOVELY MAY.

HAIL, lovely May! with verdure bright, recalling back the scene,

When youth went forth with spirits light to trip it o'er the green.

Oh, those were happy youthful days when nature smiled so gay,

And Shepherds sang their merry lays to welcome lovely May.

The winding river's rippling stream so gently murmured by,
And Phœbus shed a glowing beam from out the azure sky.

Oh, then we tripped it merrily throughout the livelong day,
And tuned our voices cheerily to welcome lovely May.

Each one was hailed with merry shout, and greetings filled the air,

The very woods with mirth rang out, our happiness to share;
Yes, every heart with pleasure beat, and birds from every spray
Sent forth their melody so sweet to welcome lovely May.

The fairest month is "lovely May," wherein we hail, each year,
The Queen of England's natal day, a day all hearts revere!

Let's hope to greet it oft again, and sing with voices gay,
Long, long may Queen Victoria reign, to welcome lovely May.

The fourth verse of this song was written by EDWARD M. SPENCER, Esq.

THE LOW DOORWAY.

I happened one morning to call on a friend,

Whose doorway was not very high,

The top caught my head, which soon made me to bend,

And caused me some pain, by-the-bye;

My friend's quick remark was that I had much grown;

And I must stoop lower, he said.

Said I, "'Tis enough, Sir, to make a man *groan*,

To get such a rap on the head."

SHE IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME!

SHE is not of noble stem,
Nor bedecked with diadem ;
But her lofty virtues shine
Ever graceful and divine ;
 Though my own she ne'er can be,
 She is all the world to me !

Though her eyes be not so bright
As the glittering stars by night,
There is truth in every look,
Sparkling like the dimpled brook ;
 Though my own she ne'er can be,
 She is all the world to me !

Her loved voice is sweet to hear,
Sweet her smile, and soft her tear ;
In her heart compassion dwells,
And of heavenly goodness tells ;
 She my own can never be,
 But she's all the world to me !

HAIL ! GLORIOUS SUN.

Hail ! glorious Sun ! shine with refulgent light,
And glad the earth, and make all nature bright ;
Let fruitful trees in great abundance yield,
And fill with grain the joyful harvest field.

Come, merry song, and come the rustic dance,
And let sweet music all our joys enhance ;
Come, happy faces, round the Maypole high,
And trip it lightly 'neath the summer sky !

THE VOCAL CATALOGUE IN RHYME.

"A mother's welcome smile" to the "Angel of peace,"
 Where "The brave Volunteers" in "Town and Country" ne'er
 cease
 To "Be happy to-day," or "Be merry to-night,"
 With "Barney O'Toole" and "The dark-eyed Gipsy Maid" in
 sight.
 "All around the ancient tree," in the "Beautiful Valley,"
 "Alone I've wandered," in my "Boyhood," in the hope to sally
 Forth to the "Beautiful banks of the Tweed" with "The
 Gipsy King,"
 Near the "Beautiful Sea," where "Fair Linder" "The Gipsy's
 dirge" did sing.
 "Dear Mother, smile again," "Oh, why so sad?" "Come live
 with me,"
 "I love the merry sunshine," and "The heart set free;"
 "I love the gentle moonlight," and "I love the morn;"
 "I love the dewy twilight" in "The place where I was born;"
 "I love the night," "Oh! the merry starlight!" and "I'd be
 a Gipsy" too,
 If "Sweet Mary of the vale" and "My old friend John" be true.
 "For love of thee"—from "My village home" on a "Summer
 morn" I'd rove
 "Through the fields" by "The ancient church," where "The
 sweetest rose is love!"
 "Can she be happy now?" "The Cambrian maid"—
 "The friends we esteem" may vanish, and the "Flowers may
 fade,"—
 "The fine old country Squire" to "The Queen of the wood"
 cries "Follow me"—
 Though "Growing old"—"Fear not I'll e'er forsake thee!"
 "Friar Tuck's chaunt" will be "The Gipsy's Lullaby"—
 "Farwell to thee"—
 "Good night, sweet love!" "My island home is free!"
 "Oh! yes, I love thee," thou art "The mountain flower,"
 "The voice that we love" in "The twilight hour;"

"My friend and old companion," "'Tis sad to part,"—
 "There's none I love like thee," "Land of my heart,"
 "O'er the hills, Bessie," with "The merry Gipsy band."
 "Ho! merry England." "Know ye of that fair land?"
 "One morn in May I left the shore,"
 "Over the wild, wild sea," with "Minnie Moore;"
 "Do not chide me," "Wilt thou then remember me?"
 Thou wert "Lovely Nan" "When first I went to sea:"
 "Listen, 'tis the nightingale," or "The Elfin call,"
 Or "The Sylph's Invitation" to "De colour'd Gemman's
 Ball!"

"Wake, sweetest melody," "Under the sea,"—
 "We see her no more"—"The woods, the woods for me!"
 "From our merry Swiss home"—"The Flower Queen,"
 With "The God of Love," in "The Fairy Dance" was seen;
 "The Syren and Friar" and "The Rose-gatherers" "Smile on;"
 "Could a man be secure" when the "Home of my youth" is
 gone?

"Over the waves" "We come to thee, Savoy!"
 With "The Knight and the Fairy" and the "The Gipsy Boy."
 You know "Tom Tough"—"How sad it is to say farewell!"
 "Long life to the grape" at "The Matin Bell."
 "Come to the forest" "When streams in moonlight glisten,"
 "The Army and Navy" to "The merry Christmas bells" oft
 listen,

"A sound comes on the rising breeze"—"Take care"—
 "Wife, children, and friends," and "The widow's prayer."
 "The three best gifts of nature," "Smiling Faces" say
 Are "The white rose," "Pretty orange blossoms," and "Wel-
 come, lovely May."

At "The laurel-tree," by "My native streams," "In the calm
 moonlight,"

"My Jamie, thou wert kind to me," and would oft delight
 Those "Loving hearts," "Fleurine," and "The King of the
 Beggars," and me,

With "The merry dance beneath the oak," and "A sweet
 good night to thee."

"The Gipsy Poacher," "The Fortune-teller," and "The
 Gipsy Flower Girl" "Sleep on,"
 "The Cottager's Child" with "The Mummers" to "The
 Gipsies' Home" are gone ;
 "The monks of old" then sang "Come gang awa' wi' me!"
 "The sea is England's glory!" "The Gipsy Miller" said ;
 "Here's to woman," "Forsake me not," "A Gipsy's life for
 me!"
 "Faith I must be in love," cried "The Moresco Maid ;"
 "The white cliffs of England," shouted "The Smuggler King,"
 And "Speed on, my gallant bark," on "St. Agnes' Eve," I sing.
 "When shall we meet" "Tom Bowling," — "The Sisters'
 Meeting" with "The parting tear,"
 Or "Poor Jack" and "Ben Backstay" "In pensive sadness"
 here ?
 "Hope on, my heart," "I'll sing of happy days"—
 "I'm King of the Sea!" then your "Kindly voices" raise.
 "True Courage," my lads, "A bumper again" in "The
 Gipsy's Tent."
 "The Gipsy's blessing" to "The Fairy Bride" is sent.
 "Deeds, not words," and "Friendly actions," prove
 How "The wayside mourner" and "The merry Gipsy Queen"
 can love.
 "My Grandfather's Hat" on "The Minstrel of Savoy"
 Made "Pretty Patty Palmer" laugh at "The poor Marine Boy ;"
 "Norah Malone," with "Nancy Bell" and "The stolen Child,"
 sung
 To "The Child and the Dew-drops," and delighted "Old and
 Young."
 In "Calms and storms"—"While old Time rolls gaily on"—
 "Wilt thou forget me?"
 "My bonnie Rose"—"My own sweet one at home"—"I'll
 dream of thee!"
 On "A midsummer day's ramble," "Let me wander where I
 will"—
 For "Our British Volunteers" "The old tree blossoms still."

“ I’m weary of straying” with “ Ellen of the Lea ;”
With “ Spring,” “ The Future Flower,” “ My love is on the
 sea !”
With the “ Warbling birds” “ My guardian spirit goes,”
Accompanied by “ The Sunbeam, the Dewdrop, and the Rose.”
By “ The Oak and the Ivy,” “ With the fairies I would roam,”
To hear “ The village bells” near “ Our native home :”
“ Oh ! native scenes,” when “ The Queen of the night”
“ On the cold shores of the stranger” shines so bright !
“ Rest, silly flutterer, rest,” “ My loved one is returning” to
 “ The land of my birth,”
To “ Hang up his harp” on “ The Old Elm Tree” on “ The
 thirsty earth.”
Where “ The merry bells of England” did at “ The Gipsy’s
 wedding” ring,
And cheered “ The old Mariner” “ In the merry, merry Spring.”

THE MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

The mountain flower, the mountain flower,
That decks alike the cot and bower,
Whose beauty hails the coming Spring,
And bids the pretty warblers sing ;
’Tis then that lambkins skip and play,
And all things bright salute the May,
While trees with smiling buds are seen,
To glad this little mountain queen.

Oh ! welcome, Spring’s refreshing shower,
That brings me back my mountain flower ;
The sweetest gem I can behold,
Whose fragrant perfume doth unfold,
Its beauty is beyond compare,
No flower to me is half so fair,
It scents my path where’er I roam,
And gilds my happy mountain home.

COME, GANG AWA' WI' ME.

Oh ! come, my love, the moon shines bright

Across yon rippling sea,

Come, let thy heart be gay and light,

And hasten, love, wi' me.

'Tis mony a night sin' first we met

Beneath the greenwood tree,

Then let thy heart be lighter yet,

Come gang awa' wi' me.

Oh ! tarry not, my only love,

I've pledged myself to thee,

And by yon stars that shine above,

For ever thine I'll be.

'Tis mony a night sin' first we met

Beneath the greenwood tree ;

Then say, ere yonder stars have set,

Thou'lt gang awa' wi' me.

Thy features are so fair, my love,

Thy mind is ever free,

Oh ! let thy willing heart still prove

The love thou bear'st to me.

'Tis mony a night sin' first we met

Under the greenwood tree,

Then say, ere yonder stars have set,

I'll gang awa' wi' ye.

YE GENTLE SHOWERS AND SINGING BIRDS.

Ye gentle showers that on an April day

In silver drops descend upon the earth,

Send forth your genial influence o'er the ground,

And give each blossom and each floweret birth.

Ye singing birds, from every bough tune forth,

And cheer all nature with your merry lay ;

Bid budding trees their leafy branches spread,

And hail with glee the joyous Queen of May !

MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Oh ! welcome, merry Christmas bells,
Whose cheering sound I've heard so oft,
Which 'neath the starry heaven swells
With melody so sweet and soft.
Oh ! how ye glad the stranger's heart,
While listening to those merry peals,
And cause the tear of joy to start,
As through the air your music steals.
Oh ! welcome, merry Christmas, too,
When friends from different places meet ;
'Tis then we find the heart still true,
Which makes our happiness complete.
Dull care is banished from our home,
And each his youthful story tells ;
While sorrow near us cannot come,
Thus cheered by merry Christmas bells.

REMEMBRANCE OF THE PAST.

Though blooming youth be faded,
And pleasure's dream hath fled,
Though fondest hopes have vanished,
And clouds around us spread,
Yet happiness sits smiling,
Joy o'er our path is cast ;
Then why should we not cherish
Remembrance of the past ?
Though years have fled o'er us
And wrinkled many a face,
Though memory tells of sorrows
Which time can ne'er efface ;
Yet happiness sits smiling,
Joy o'er our path is cast ;
Then why should we not cherish
Remembrance of the past ?

YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

As through this life you travel, boys,
 Ne'er give up, nor despair ;
 But meet each trouble bravely, boys,
 And nobly face each care.
 In every act be honest, boys,
 Let this your maxim be :—
 Press forward with all honour, boys,
 With fortitude and glee.
 When trials shall confront you,
 Or o'er your pathway steal,
 Then buckle manly courage on—
 Your shoulder to the wheel !

March on, and be determined, boys,
 Each evil motive shun ;
 Your object never lose, boys,
 The battle's to be won.
 Let truth and justice guide you, boys,
 In every act and deed ;
 If you your duty do, boys,
 You must and will succeed.
 When trials shall confront you,
 Or o'er your pathway steal,
 Then buckle manly courage on—
 Your shoulder to the wheel !

 EPITAPH.

(Written on a young Spendthrift who had wasted all his substance in drink and extravagance).

HERE I lie, John Lump,
 Who died not worth a dump.
 I lived so gay, and soaked my clay,
 Till I dried up the pump.*

* Resources.

THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN.

NEAR the church upon the hill—
 Near the brook beside the mill—
 Near the trees with varied hue,
 First my infant breath I drew.
 There the flowers the hills adorn—
 'Tis the place where I was born.

Where I sportively did play
 In life's merry month of May ;
 Where the pretty birds did sing,
 And the merry peals did ring ;
 There I viewed the waving corn,
 Near the place where I was born.

Where the fleecy flock doth feed
 In the fertile grassy mead ;
 Thither would my footsteps rove
 To the place I fondly love.
 There the birds proclaim the morn,
 In the place where I was born.

There I spent my early hours
 All among the scented flowers ;
 There I formed my first conceit,
 There my youthful friends would meet.
 Oh ! my heart will never scorn
 The lovely place where I was born.

 RHYMING.

A SHARP boy was asked by a friend—*of all rhymes,*
 Could he find a word rhyming with month ?
 Said the boy, “ I once tried it a *hundred* times,
 And found it the *hundred and oneth*.”

A COPY OF A LETTER TO MY SISTER.

26th December, 1851.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I now take up my pen (to use a hackneyed phrase) to tell you how we spent our Christmas Day yesterday. We were at first fearful we should be all alone; but having paid a visit to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. —, on Wednesday evening, we prevailed on them to dine with us, and allow their son and daughter to come to tea. We enjoyed ourselves very much, and did not forget to drink the health of all assembled at Bourton.

Our friends had not long arrived before we were joined by the following *distinguished* and *agreeable* personages, who were right welcome at our board; viz. *Lord Ribs-of-beef* (looking remarkably well), and *Squire Plum-pudding*, the latter (who is considered *rich*) being greatly *heated*, as though he had come from a distance, but evidently *quite sweet* upon something on the table; together with the *Honourable Kidney Mealypotato* and *family*, and the *little Greens*, who, I must tell you, soon after their arrival, got near the kitchen fire, fell into a large pot of boiling-water, and were *severely scalded*; but I am happy to say that, by the time dinner was ready, they appeared at the table with the rest of the company, looking none the worse for what had happened—indeed, their appearance gave general satisfaction, and added much pleasure to the assembled guests.

Master Horse-radish was looking very pale, as though he had recently got into a *scrape*; but the application of a little vinegar soon restored him, and he was as *brisk* as usual.

The little *Mince-pies* looked plump and well; and whether or not they had been stuffed too full before they came, I cannot say, but several of them left the table ere the cloth was removed.

Farmer Good-bread and *Dame Old-Chedder* arrived before

dinner was quite concluded, and took their place at the table with *Young Celery*, whom we considered much improved since he was last seen at the greengrocer's.

This completed our guests, with the exception of *Master Burton-ale*, who had lately been to a *hop*, and had got chilled from visiting some friends in a *cellar*, he was looking very *yellow*, and was *bitter cold*.

During the afternoon several toasts and sentiments were proposed and responded to; viz.

Lord Ribs-of-beef proposed, "To all friends round the table."

Responded to by the whole company.

Squire Plum-pudding gave, "May our endeavours to please be crowned with success."

Responded to by the *Little Mince-pies* in some very *spicy* remarks.

The Honourable Kidney Mealy-potato gave, "The land we lived in."

Acknowledged very *heartily* by the *little Greens*.

Master Horse-radish made a few observations, but was considered a *stick*.

Master Burton-ale then proposed, in somewhat *frothy* terms, his old friends *Farmer Good-bread* and *Dame Old-cheddar*, whom he was always pleased to see on all occasions, and he hoped he should meet them for many years to come.

Farmer Good-bread, who said he was at all times fond of a *toast*, briefly, but in a *floury* speech, returned thanks on behalf of the lady and himself; he was obliged to his young friend *Master Burton-ale* for the compliment he had paid them, and hoped he would soon gain more *strength*. Before he sat down, he begged he might be permitted to propose the next toast, which was the health of *Young Celery*—he said, they had gone hand in hand together for many years; and he hoped their friendship would last as long as they existed.

Young Celery, who stood up in a *large glass*, expressed his thanks for the honour conferred upon him, and gave as a concluding toast, "To our next merry meeting."

Some of our friends remained with us a few hours longer, and partook of a glass of wine and dessert, while the rest of the company retired to the Larder, to take up their abode for the night with *old Chine* from Gloucestershire.

I am, &c. &c.

EDWIN RANSFORD.

P.S. *Master Holly* and *Miss Mistletoe* came on Wednesday, and are expected to remain with us a week.

MY BONNY JANE.

As through the flowery meads I strayed
To yonder cot across the plain,
I met the pretty charming maid,
My dearest life, my bonny Jane—
My bonny, bonny Jane.

I fondly pressed her gentle hand,
And hoped that I her love might gain;
Had I the world at my command,
I'd give it all for bonny Jane—
My bonny, bonny Jane.

At length the maiden gave consent,
For love no longer could refrain;
My anxious heart was then content,
And I was blest with bonny Jane—
My bonny, bonny Jane.

NANCY BELL.

FAREWELL to dee, Miss Nancy Bell,
 Farewell, farewell to dee ;
 What my heart feel no tongue can tell—
 Oh, sad wid grief is me !
 De tought ob losin' one so dear
 Cause trouble to my mind ;
 Him cannot 'top de fallin' tear,
 For peace him neber find.
 Farewell to dee, &c.

Oh, Nancy Bell ! oh, Nancy Bell !
 My poor dear heart will break ;
 Him neber can again be well,
 Wid pain him bosom ache.
 Oh, when him tink upon dat day
 We met in de rice fiel'—
 Him bery heart melt quite away,
 De wound it neber heal.
 Farewell to dee, &c.

Miss Nancy Bell, Miss Nancy Bell,
 Her looks were full ob lub,
 Her voice was like de nightingale,
 Dat fill de air abub.
 But now she gone, for eber gone,
 In de dark grabe she lie,
 And him am left all sad and lone
 To pine away and die.
 Farewell to dee, &c.

 CLEVER ANCESTORS.

IN speaking of his ancestry,
 A boy, who pleasure took,
 Said, *one* was *very* clever, he
 Once wrote a *printed book* !

ACROSTIC.

Ever will I dwell with thee,
Dearest treasure of my heart ;
While thy love is fixed on me,
I from thee will never part.
None but thou shalt ever share
Riches, or whate'er be mine ;
And though sorrow come with care,
Never shall my love decline.
Seek with me domestic bliss,
From which joy and comforts rise ;
Oh ! may we experience this !
Rendering life a lasting prize ;
Dearest—Love hath no disguise !

MY OWN SWEET ONE AT HOME.

Though far across the trackless sea
I'm destined, love, to roam,
I'll ever constant be to thee,
My own sweet one at home.
The thought of thee shall cheer my heart
When bounding o'er the main ;
And though 'tis sad, dear girl, to part,
We hope to meet again.

I may with many perils meet,
And many hardships, too ;
But this one thought shall make them sweet,
My own dear girl is true !
And when I've served my time at sea,
Then back to thee I'll come,
And to my fond heart welcome thee,
My own sweet one at home !

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

When summer comes with all things gay,
And nature blooms around,
How sweet it is through fields to stray
Where flowers adorn the ground !
The ploughboy then goes whistling on,
Nor fears what ill may come,
And when his daily work is done,
Contented smiles at home.

The lark with quivering wing on high
Sends forth a thrilling strain,
And after soaring to the sky,
With joy returns again.

The freshness of the new-mown hay
With perfume fills the air,
The song-birds chant their merry lay,
Dispelling every care.

At eve, when all is calm and still,
What happiness is seen !
We welcome each with right good will,
And trip it o'er the green ;
Our hearts are joyous, light, and free,
While bright is every eye ;
And thus we dance with merry glee
Beneath a summer sky.

MARTINS AND SWALLOWS.

When seated one day at the family meal,
The host was observing, and spoke a good deal—
That the summer had now nearly gone—and that he
A very few martins and swallows could see.
Said his boy, with a bright cunning smile on his face,
In words which were nearly as follows :
“Though the martins have nearly all quitted the place,
They’ve left behind plenty of *swallows* !”

COME, FILL YOUR GLASSES TO THE BRIM!

COME, fill your glasses to the brim !
 Wine cheers the manly heart of him
 Who drinks and fills again.
 Then let the sparkling bowl go round,
 Until it hath an empty sound,
 While yet we here remain.

Let each one toast his favourite lass,
 While we around the table pass
 The bowl, the mighty bowl.
 Let's drink while wit and wine delight,
 Until the eye shall sparkle bright,
 Of each true jovial soul.

And ere we part, let's laugh and sing,
 Old time is ever on the wing,
 So now let's merry be.
 And when we meet again, my boys,
 We'll glory in each other's joys,
 And quaff right merrily !

MINT-SAUCE.

WHEN travelling one Spring with my wife in the train,
 On a beautiful, clear, and bright sunshiny day,
 Our eye caught some lambs in a field by a lane,
 Which were sporting about and enjoying their play.
 Said my wife, " Do but look at those dear little lambs,
 How they skip, and they jump, and their little heads
 toss."
 Said I, " they seem happy enough by their dams ;
 I wonder if ever they've heard of mint-sauce !"

MY BONNY ROSE.

THERE lives a lassie in the west,
So lovely, sweet, and fair !
Whose gentle words inspire my breast
With joys beyond compare.
There's nought on land, nor on the sea,
Nor in the wind that blows,
That's half so sweet, so dear to me,
As thou, my bonnie Rose !

Her breath is like the scented flowers
That bloom in early spring ;
Her voice like music glads the hours,
So sweetly does she sing !
For thee, dear maid, in wonder yet,
My ardent bosom glows ;
And nought can make me e'er forget
My sweet, my bonnie Rose.

O'ER THE MIGHTY WATERS BLUE.

O'ER the mighty waters blue
We carol our songs away ;
Our bark goes light and merrily, too,
As it dashes aside the spray.
While happily thus we glide along,
We've nought around to fear ;
And this shall be our daily song,
A health to those most dear !

We'll think on friends we've left behind
On England's happy shore ;
And thus shall memory bring to mind
The kind hearts we adore.
While merrily thus we glide along,
So happily side by side,
We'll gaily chant our joyous song,
And skim the foaming tide.

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET LOVE!

THE silvery moon is shining bright,
 The stars are shedding forth their light;
 While balmy breezes bear along
 The sound of Philomel's lone song.

Good night, sweet love! yet, ere we part,
 I pledge to thee a constant heart;
 May purest joys thy mind delight!
 Good night, sweet love—sweet love, good night!

The dusky shades are gathering round;
 The dewy mist o'erspreads the ground;—
 And hark! the distant curfew bell
 Now tells us we must say farewell!

Good night, sweet love! peace to thy rest,
 And may soft slumbers soothe thy breast!
 May blissful dreams thy mind delight!
 Good night, sweet love—sweet love, good night!

HAPPY, BEAUTEOUS ROSE.

HAIL, thou happy, beauteous rose,
 In all thy youthful pride!
 May sweet content and soft repose
 For ever round thee glide!
 As youth with years shall pass away,
 May'st thou ne'er feel time's dart;
 But ever bloom like flowers in May,
 Thy sweetness to impart.

'Tis sweet to gaze on thy loved face,
 And view thy beaming eye;
 In thy fair image I can trace
 Bright hope beyond the sky.

May all that's joyous, all that's dear,
 Be ever thine sweet maid!
 May'st thou love's brightest laurels wear,—
 A wreath which ne'er can fade!

SUMMER MORN.

WITH pleasure and delight I stray
Across the meadows green,
When birds sing sweetly on each spray,
And gladsome make the scene.
The perfume of the new-mown hay,
And fields of waving corn,
Unite to make the scene more gay,
All on a summer morn.

The lark soars high with quivering wing,
And warbles forth its song ;
While village bells that gaily ring
Beguile the hours along.
'Tis then I view all nature gay,
And sweetest flowers adorn
Both hill and dale, where'er I stray
All on a summer morn.

IN THE MERRY MOONLIGHT.

IN the merry moonlight, when the stars shine bright,
Beneath the shade of the old oak tree,
We troll the gay song throughout the night long.
Then who so happy, so happy as we ?
We sing and dance,
We laugh, ha ! ha !
Then who so happy, so happy as we ?

In the dead of night, when all is still,
And flocks and herds are lulled to sleep,
All slowly flows the rippling rill,
While we our Gipsy revels keep.

IN REPLY TO A PRESENT RECEIVED FROM
MRS. KNAPP, DECEMBER, 1855.

My dear Mrs. Knapp,
A ring and a rap
Brought a present this morning from you ;
I only can say
'Twas a handsome display,
When opened it was to our view.
Many thanks for the same,
Of pig, duck, and game,
Which came up so snugly together ;
The pork, I've no doubt,
Will be splendid, about
Two o'clock, this kind of weather.
And as for the duck—
If we have only good luck—
To day, about *two*, we shall taste it ;
No doubt we shall find
It just to our mind,
If the cook will but only well baste it.
The dear little pheasant
Will, I'm sure, be most pleasant
To all of our tastes when we eat it ;
Fine poultry and meat
Are at all times a treat,
But game !—there is nothing to beat it.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A YOUNG LADY TO A
MR. AP(P)LETREE.

AN apple-tree, the other day,
Was wedded to a lady fair ;
From such a union I should say
We may expect a bonny pair (pear).

COME, SING ME THE BALLAD;

OR, THE WALK THROUGH THE GLEN.

COME, sing me the ballad you sang t'other day,
 Which pleased me so much; come, sing it I pray;
 'Twas all about walking with Kate through the glen;
 Come, sing it me now—I'll not ask you again.
 What pleasure it gave me when hearing you sing
 About buying for Katherine the gold wedding-ring!
 Do sing it, dear boy; as, when last time we met,
 The rapture it gave me I ne'er shall forget.

I'd sing you the ballad with pleasure; but fear,
 Unless the dear Katherine, sweet-darling, were here,
 I should only break down in the heart of my song;
 And that you know, madam, would be very wrong;
 Oh! pray do not ask me to sing it you now;
 I'm not in the humour; but this I'll avow—
 The next time we meet, pray ask me again,
 And I'll promise to sing you, "The Walk through the
 Glen."

A ROUND.

DEAR, lovely Nancy, I know she is fair;
 She's pure from all guile, and she's free from all care;
 Music's in all the sweet tones of her voice,
 That charms all around, and makes all hearts rejoice;
 Round about the may-pole she will join the happy throng,
 And sit and sing at eve her merry, merry song!

ON MEETING MY OLD FRIEND, MR. LAKE, ON A
COLD FROSTY MORNING.

My dear Mr. Lake, you shiver and shake
 As though the cold weather had froze you;
 You tie up your face, that one can't get a trace
 Of your features—and nobody knows you.

DE HANDSOME NIGGER GAL.

As him was walkin' out one day
Near massa's old plantation,
Him met a handsome nigger gal
Wid lips like de carnation.
"Good mornin', sar!" says she to me,
For she did 'pear to know me;
"Oh, don't you know de nigger gal
Dat libs wid Massa Crowley?"
O she's a handsome nigger gal,
A berry handsome nigger;
Den, come, ye darkies, sing wid me
Ob dis here handsome nigger!

Says him, am you dat lubly gal
Dat him see through de casement?
And when she tell him dat she was,
Him stare and look wid 'mazement.
For him had often seen her dare,
In Massa Crowley's kitchen;
And wished dat him could call her his,
She 'pear so berry 'witchin'.
O she's a handsome, &c.

But on dis day she dress so smart,
Wid sich a lubly sash on,
Him tought him neber see de like,
She look de pink ob fashion!
Him ask her den to take him arm,
Dat we might stroll togedder,
She smile, him laugh, and den him grin,—
Says she, "What lubly wedder!"
O she's a handsome, &c.

And den him gaze upon her face,
So 'mirin' ebry feature;
Him neber see sich nigger gal
As dis here lubly creature!

“ Oh, massa Jim, me lub you much ! ”

She said, wid voice so mellow ;

“ Me see you bery often, sar !

You bery nice young fellow ! ”

O she’s a handsome, &c.

And den him offer her him heart,

And all de lub widin it ;

Says she—“ Me will not ’cept de gift,

But see if me can win it.”

So den we play de lubber game,

And boaf come off bigtorious.

She win him heart, and him win hers,—

Den marry, and lib glorious !

O she’s a handsome, &c.

TELL ME, IS THY HEART STILL MINE ?

Is thy heart still mine, dear maid—

Truly, as when first we met ?

Tell me, are the vows we made

Cherished in thy bosom yet ?—

When we heard the spring birds sing,

Tuning forth their merry lays ;

When the lark rose on the wing,

Joining in sweet notes of praise,—

Tell me, is thy heart still mine ?

Is it mine, when breaks the morn

In its lofty radiance fair ;

When gay flowers the meads adorn,

And their fragrance scents the air ;

When the night-breeze winds along,

And all nature’s lulled to rest ;

When the nightingale’s lone song

Sweetly warbles in the west—

Tell me, is thy heart still mine ?

TO MY MOTHER,

ON MY BIRTHDAY.

JUST fifty years ago,
As you, dear mother, know,
My eyes first saw the light ;
But if 'twere day or night
I really cannot say,
My mind was so astray.
And what with one and t'other,
I scarcely knew my mother ;
And if I 'gan to cry,
I was watched by every eye ;
And then so smothered up,
Like some old *loving cup*,
Until I did leave off,
Or was troubled with a cough ;
When I was then unwrapped,
And either *gruelled* or *papped* !
But when my voice was still,
And I had had my fill,
Nurse took me from my nest
And got me quickly dressed,
As *she* the story tells.
And then old Doctor Wells
Turned back his hair and smiled,
And looked upon the child,
And said, with so much joy,
“ *Dear ! what a thumping boy !*
I assure you, my *good ma-am*,
He's quite a little lamb ! ”
And when he turned away
And wished us all good day,
And all again was quiet,
And I had had more diet,
I snoodled down to rest
Upon my mother's breast ;
And as I felt a little *nappy*,
I fell asleep, and slept *quite happy* !

WOMAN.

WOMAN—made of tenderness !
 That thou should'st man supremely bless
 In weal or woe ;
 In affluence or in poverty,
 Thou should'st his joy and solace be
 While here below.

Woman—Emblem of all good !
 I'd sing thy virtues, if I could,
 Throughout all time ;
 At home—abroad—on land or sea—
 I'd ever raise my voice to thee
 In notes sublime.

Woman—be thou ever blest !
 Of every joy be thou possessed
 From age to age ;
 May minds of Poets still indite—
 And they ne'er cease thy worth to write
 In every page.

TAKING AFTER FATHER AND MOTHER BOTH.

OUR man, who was always a long time at meals,
 Once was asked how it was by my brother.
 Said the man, “ why 'tis plain enough, Sir,—you must know
 I takes after both Father and Mother. ”
 “ How's that ? ”—“ Why the truth is ”—Jim quaintly replied—
 (And none of the neighbours need doubt it)—
 “ My Father's a man, Sir, who eats a *good deal*,
 And Mother's a *long time about it* ! ”

ON LEAVING MY NATIVE VILLAGE AFTER A
VISIT IN 1858.

ADIEU, adieu, once more adieu,
 To thee, dear home, I love so well !
 When next again we may renew
 Our happy meeting, who can tell ?

ALONE I'VE WANDERED BY THE STREAM.

ALONE I've wandered by the stream,
Beside yon sunny hill,
When thoughts of bygone days would teem
To hear the merry Mill.
'Twas there my early time was spent
With those I deemed most dear ;
'Twas there I learned to be content
With homely cottage cheer.

Alas ! those happy days are past,
And others meet my sight ;
But yet, so long as life shall last,
I'll hail them with delight.
Yes, when old age comes creeping near,
With heavy, thoughtful gaze,
'Twill still my drooping spirits cheer
To speak of bygone days.

COME, DANCE !

COME, dance beneath the forest trees,
Where fairies weave their spells,
Where wafts the cooling summer breeze
From groves and silent dells ;
There shines the bright and silvery moon
In splendour o'er the vale,
There pipes the low, melodious tune
Of the lone Nightingale ;
There twinkling stars from out the sky
Gaze on with merry look ;
While through the meads flow rippling by
The streamlet and the brook.
Yes, there come dance the night away,
Till morn begins to break,
And Phœbus darts a glowing ray
Across the peaceful lake.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THY VOICE.

THERE'S music in thy voice, my love,
There's magic in thine eye ;
Yes, there are charms in thee, my love,
All other charms outvie.
With fond delight I gaze upon
Thy happy, smiling face,
And hope to be the favoured one
Whom thou'lt for ever grace.

Oh ! were I lord of this fair land,
It still would be my pride
To own alike thy heart and hand,
And claim thee for my bride.
Then say, my love, thou'lt ever share
With me my humble lot,
And then my every anxious care
Will be by me forgot.

QUEEN OF SONG !

OR THE VALENTINE.

FAIR Lady, beauteous Queen of song !
May brightest joys to thee belong !
May blessings still, both rich and rare,
Attend thy footsteps everywhere !
Were I the richest in the land,
And could have wealth at my command,
I'd give it all to call thee mine,
And be thy constant Valentine !

QUEEN OF THE WOOD !

'Twas on one morning early,
When birds began to sing,
I wandered through the wildwood,
'Mid perfumed flowers of spring.
And there I met a damsel,
Most beautiful and fair,
Looking for sweet primroses
To deck her flowing hair.
My heart with soft emotion
Was trembling as I stood,
While gazing on the maiden,
The Flower Queen of the wood !

Her form was light and graceful,
Her footsteps bounded free,
Her heart seemed overflowing
With joy and purity ;
Her cheeks were like the roses,
In all the blush of youth ;
Her eyes beamed like the morning,
All full of love and truth.
My heart with soft emotion
Still trembled as I stood,
While gazing on the maiden,
The Flower Queen of the wood !

WELCOME, QUEEN OF MAY !

Oh ! welcome, welcome, Queen of May !
With sunshine and sweet flowerets gay,
And all that doth to thee belong,
We hail with rapture in our song.
Then let rich harmony abound,
With music let the air resound,
And ere to-morrow's dawn be seen,
We'll render homage to our Queen !

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

A young Lady, while on a visit at my house on one occasion, resolved, with the concurrence and assistance of Mrs. R. on playing me a trick; and, getting together a quantity of *little bones* and wrapping them up in several pieces of paper, placed them in a cigar box, tied up the whole in a piece of brown paper, and directed it to me. This being done, she arranged with the servant that she should, in the morning at breakfast time, *ring the door-bell and then bring in the parcel as though it had just been left*. The girl obeyed orders and brought in the parcel, keeping her countenance well at the same time, just as we were all three seated at the table, I thinking, as I took off the paper, that some unknown friend had sent me a present of a box of cigars; but, on opening the box and unwrapping some of the papers in which the bones were enclosed, I soon discovered, *much to the amusement of the young lady and my wife, and my own disappointment*, that I had been tricked. After having had a good laugh over it, I resolved on *retaliating*, but waited my opportunity. The young lady left us soon afterwards for her home in the country, and her birthday being near at hand, I fixed on *that* day to send *her* a present and gratify my innocent revenge; and having in the house one of those India-rubber dolls, such as are sold in the streets of London, which the lady had seen often before, and which had lost an eye, I thought that *that* would do well for my purpose. I obtained a paper jewel-case and plenty of wadding of a friend, into which I laid the said doll, and then wrote the following lines and placed them just inside the lid—packed the box in some writing paper, sealed it—directed it to the young lady—and sent it off by post the day before her birthday:—

Make haste and take me, darling dear,
I'm really almost stifled here;
Remove me from this horrid case,
I'm black, or *nearly*, in the face.
I cannot speak my tale to tell;
But when you look, *you'll know me well*.

I've hastened here without delay
 To greet you on your *natal* day ;
 Unwrap me *carefully*, dear child,
 I'm very weak, so "*draw it mild.*"
 And if I should at all offend,
 I'll come *no more*, you may depend.
 Nay, treat me not with such disdain
 (I tell you *I won't come again*) ;
 Nor be unkind, because that I
 Have had ill-luck, and lost an eye.
 I'm sent to you by way of *treat*,
 By your old friend in Welbeck Street ;
 My name is neither *Smith* nor *Jones*,
 Nor am I made of *little bones* !

MY LOVED ONE IS RETURNING !

My loved one is returning !
 His bark is on the main,—
 With joy my heart is burning
 To see him once again.
 I hear him gaily singing
 The songs of days gone by,
 Whose sounds to me come winging
 In sweetest melody.

The waves with pride are swelling,
 His gallant bark to bear,
 And every breeze is telling
 My love will soon be here.
 The sun is brightly throwing
 His rays upon the sea ;
 While swift the tide is flowing
 That brings my love to me.

WHO CAN TELL ?

WHAT may to-morrow be,
 Who can tell ?
 Will it yield delight to me,
 Who can tell ?
 Will the sunshine of to-day
 Shine with still a brighter ray ;
 Or will sweet hope pass away,
 Who can tell ?

What may to-morrow bring,
 Who can tell ?
 Shall we mourn, or shall we sing,
 Who can tell ?
 Will our prospects, now so bright,
 Darken, and become as night ;
 Or will joy still meet our sight,
 Who can tell ?

How will to-morrow close,
 Who can tell ?
 Will it give us sweet repose,
 Who can tell ?
 Shall we then no sorrow know,
 Nought to cause our tears to flow ;
 Or may we be filled with woe,
 Who can tell ?

 EXTRAORDINARY NOTICE !

THE following, I am told, was given out very bold,
 One Sunday morning, by the Parish clerk ;
 A person that I knew assured me it was true,
 In a village church not far from St——ll Park.

“ This is to give notice, that no person is to be buried in
 this churchyard but those *living* in the parish ; and those who
wish to be buried are desired to apply to me,

R. HALL, Parish Clerk.”

I WISH I'D A THOUSAND A YEAR.

I WISH I'd a thousand a year !

How happy and joyous I'd be !

For nothing should I have to fear,

And sorrow should vanish from me.

I'd help both the poor and distressed,

I'd dry the lone widow's sad tear,

The orphans that mourn should be blest,

If I had a thousand a year.

No matter whate'er may betide,

If Providence blest me with health ;

Doing good should be ever my pride,

And thus would I scatter my wealth.

All this would I do, d'ye see,

The hungry and naked to cheer;

All around should be happy and free,

If I had a thousand a year.

So now, my friends, take my advice :

When charity's cause shall appear,

Do your best, and that will suffice,

As though you'd a thousand a year.

You'll then have the thanks of the poor,

And with it warm gratitude's tear.

Oh ! nothing would I covet more,

If I had a thousand a year.

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING OF THE MARRIAGE OF YOUNG KELLY TO THE RICH
MISS SINGER.

YOUNG Kelly was a lover bold,

For he was wedded to *Miss Singer* !

To make her *his* and get her *gold*,

He first did *woo* and then did *ring* her.

TO MY MOTHER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, JULY 29, 1859.

ANOTHER year has gone and past away
Since I, dear Mother, wrote to thee my lay,
To greet thee on thy welcome birthday morn,
And bless the happy hour that thou wert born.

I feel 'twould be most difficult to write
All I could now desire—or in delight—
My heart is willing, but my powers are weak,
I therefore shall thy kind indulgence seek.

How then shall I begin my present theme,
And offer to thee what to me doth seem
To be thy due—and thy right to demand ;
The grateful feelings of my heart and hand ?

When I remember thee in active life,
The very stamp and model of a wife,
When thou didst sit up late, and early rise,
And do thy duty as was best and wise—
And when I think of thee in days gone by,
When thou didst watch me with a Mother's eye,
And with that love which only *woman* knows,
My heart with gratitude to thee o'erflows.
'Tis then I feel that nought which I possess
Could e'er requite thee for such tenderness ;
Yet, while I've talent, humble though it be,
It ever shall be used in thanks to thee !

Assist me, then, ye Muses, lend your aid,
Until my debt of gratitude be paid —
The debt I owe to one so dear and good,
Whose acts and deeds so well have always stood.

On looking back to the past year just gone,
I find events that I might write upon ;
For in twelve months do many things occur
We little dream of when begins the year ;
And 'twere not fit we should—nor I, nor you—
The future's wisely hidden from our view :
But we have cause for thankfulness to Him
Whose love reigns over all—o'er all supreme !

Thou still art spared to us, dear Mother, yet,
Which we in gratitude do not forget ;
Indeed thy children all do highly prize
So great a blessing teeming from the skies.
Thy mind, too, still is unimpaired, and thou
Dost still retain a smile upon thy brow,
Which gives to all, when in thy company,
A pleasure not to be described by me.

Some painful incidents have taken place
During the year, which I will slightly trace,
And which may serve to add a line or two
To bring the past once more before our view :
Many dear friends have left their house of clay,
To live immortal in the realms of day ;
Some very young*, while others†, older grown,
Have gone to that bright world to us unknown ;
But where *we* hope to follow, and resign
All earthly joys for nobler joys divine,
And leave this globe and all we love below,
For God our Saviour—"whom 'tis life to know."

Our old friend, Thomas Brindle, on the bank‡,
Has gone to *his* long home—and now does rank
With those, we trust, whose sins are all forgiven,
And whose blest spirits live and reign in heaven.
Also a tender babe §, scarce twelve months old,
Was likewise called away, and now lies cold
Within the silent grave, where all must lie,
Before they can be raised to bliss on high ;
And last, not least, another friend has gone,
Whom we in sickness much relied upon
To comfort us, and to assuage our pain,
And help us once again our health to gain :

* Several children from scarlatina.

† Mrs. Robert Hawkins—Joseph Acock—John Weavings—Mrs. Collett,
of Lansdowne.

‡ The gravel walk beside the brook which runs through the village.

§ Mr. Moore's baby.

Alas ! poor Wells—how little did he think
 He was so near his end, and on the brink
 Of the dark grave which hides him from our sight,
 But which conducts him to a world of light !
 He's gone, poor fellow—sudden was the call—
 And *all* have mourned his loss, yes, *one and all* ;
 No one did ever less than *he* offend—
 We looked on *him* as on, indeed, a friend.

While others * in the village have been brought
 By fever and disease almost to nought,
 Whose sufferings and trials were so great,
 That all have felt for their unhappy fate.

But thou, dear Mother, hast escaped those ills ;
 This my poor heart with grateful rapture fills ;
 Thou still art here, through mercy from above,
A monument of God's especial love !
 For many years thou hast been greatly blest,
 Loved by thy children, and by friends caressed ;
 And as thy native strength and life decline,
 Thy virtues still with greater lustre shine.

Oh ! what would be our childhood's home, if we
 Did not, when there, thy cheering image see ?
 'Twould be a blank—a desolation quite—
 A glorious sunshine turned to darkest night !—

Then, what a long and lengthened life is thine !
 To-morrow's dawn doth make thee *eighty-nine* !
 And yet how wonderful thy state of health !
A fountain clear—a mine of priceless wealth !
 We still do hope thy life may yet be spared
 To us, thy children, who so long have shared
 Thy bounties and thy blessings rare,
 Thy fondest love, and thy maternal care.

May God to thee his goodness ever bless,
 And still uphold thee with his righteousness ;
 Long grant to thee in life his rich supplies,
 And waft, at last, thy spirit to the skies !

* Mr. Keck and family.

IN THE MERRY, MERRY SPRING.

In the merry, merry Spring,
When the pretty birds sing,
And the fields are clad in green,
'Tis then I love to rove
Beside the shady grove,
Where the pale primrose is seen.
To hear the lark so gay
At early dawn of day,
Warbling its note on high,
Or listen to the rill
As it ripples by the mill,
'Neath the clear and sunny sky.

To the merry, merry Spring
What pleasures cling,
For it cheers both peasant and peer ;
It lightens all hearts,
To each breast imparts
A ray of happiness here.
Oh ! then let us sing,
And the merry, merry Spring
Now welcome with delight,
For it gilds every page
From youth to age,
And makes our pleasures more bright.

A CATCH.

AND so poor Robin's dead, you say ?
Do tell me what he died of, *pray* ;
It is quite true, as *I'm a sinner*,
He died one day before his dinner !
He lies beneath the churchyard yew,
It is no lie that I tell you !

SPRING IN HER GAY NEW DRESS.

THE spring in her gay new dress lovely is seen,
The trees are all budding, all nature looks green ;
The pretty birds their tuneful notes are warbling through the
air,
And all on earth looks smilingly, and beautifully fair.

The ploughboy goes singing and whistling along,
And lightens his heart with a right merry song ;
While rosy urchins sport and play in happiness and glee,
And mirth and joy are beaming forth from every face we see.

The lark from its lowly nest mounts up on high,
And charms every ear as it soars to the sky ;
The sportive lambs in meadows bright, and every earthly
thing,
All join in one sweet harmony to hail the joyous spring !

*The following Lines were sent by me to my friend, Mr. Beard, with
half a dozen bottles of cider, Mr. B. having expressed
a wish to taste it.*

MY dear Mr. Beard,
Your prayer has been heard,
I send you the cider with pleasure ;
I hope, when you drink it,
Not bad you will think it,
With which to fill up the bright measure.

THE ROSE THAT BLOOMS IN YONDER VALE.

THE rose that blooms in yonder vale
Breathes odours rich and rare,
Its perfume spreads o'er hill and dale,
And sweetly scents the air.
The jessamine with tendrils high
Around its fragrance throws,
But none to me can ever vie
With that gay blooming rose.

Oh ! welcome to the happy land
That gave thy beauty birth ;
And may thy colours rich and bland
Long flourish in the earth.
Where'er thy graceful form I see
I'll hail it with a smile,
And sing a bonny health to thee,
Sweet emblem of our isle.

THE HEART SET FREE.

THERE dwells in yon valley a damsel so pretty,
So lovely and fair, with her cheeks like the rose ;
So merry in heart, so good-humoured and witty,
She cheers all around her wherever she goes.
One morning, quite gaily, with joy did I meet her,
Singing so merrily, nought could be sweeter.
“ Smile on me, maiden,” I said, “ I implore ye,
Favour thy suitor, and set his heart free.”

The maid then looked on me with eyes beaming brightly,
Which melted the heart that now beat in my breast ;
I cried, “ Dearest damsel, both daily and nightly
It beats for thee only—oh, pray give it rest ! ”
With smiles she consented that oft I might meet her,
Singing so merrily, nought could be sweeter ;
So, with a look of love, she very happily
Favoured her suitor, and set his heart free.

MY VILLAGE HOME.

DEAR village, where so oft I've been,
 Whose verdure bears the brightest green,
 Thou art the spot that gave me birth,
 The place I prize the most on earth.
 All tranquil, quiet, and serene,
 Where every happiness is seen !
 Wherever I may chance to roam,
 I dearly love my village home.

My thoughts will often turn to thee
 Sweet village, ever dear to me,
 Whose towering trees with perfume teem,
 Refreshed by that pure crystal stream
 Which down thy banks all gently flows,
 To seek some silent, calm repose.
 Wherever I may chance to roam,
 I dearly love my village home.

NOTE FROM MR. LAKE.

PRAY lend me shillings five, O,
 To save my soul alive, O ;
 I'll return it in days seven,
 Unless I'm gone to heaven.
 The cold cuts like a hand-sword,
 So, pray do, Edwin Ransford.

MY REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

Dear sir, I haven't a stivo,*
 As I'm a man alive, O,
 That I can lend, so there's an end
 To all you can contrive, O.
 On the honour of a man's word,
 Yours ever, Edwin Ransford.

* Stiver.

I afterwards relented, and lent Mr. Lake the money he required.

THE SEAMAN AND HIS BOY.

- “Oh, father ! stay ; the night is cold,
And rough and fierce the sea ;
I feel, e’en while the boat I hold,
I dare not go with thee.”
- “My boy, why look’st thou so alarmed,
Why shudder at the sea ?
Though rough the night, thou’lt not be harmed ;
Come, stem the tide with me.”
- “I would, dear father, do thy will,
But cannot, cannot go ;
The waves do me with terror fill,
While they so wildly flow.”
- “Thou’rt old enough, my dearest boy,
To stem the mighty deep ;
Thy pleasures it will not destroy,
Nor cause thee, child, to weep.”
- “I’ll then take courage, and be bold—
I’ll face the raging sea ;
Yes, though the night be drear and cold,
I’ll venture forth with thee.”
- “Oh, then take courage and be bold,
And brave the raging sea ;
For though the night be drear and cold,
I know thou’lt go with me.
- Thy hand, my boy !—I like thee well !
Thy heart beats manfully ! ”
- “And will, dear father, ever swell
With grateful love to thee.”
- “Then o’er the waters we will glide,
Our fortunes to amend ;
And brave the foaming, bursting tide
With firmness to the end.”

OLD BEN ROE.

Did eber you meet wid old Ben Roe?
De funniest old nigger dat eber you know;
Him dance, and him jump, and him twirl all round,
And den him come slap wid him foot on de ground.
Oh, oh, oh, dis old Ben Roe,
Him play on de fiddle and de old banjo.

Him call one day up to Sally Brown,
Oh! please Miss Sally, will you come down?
Old Ben him waiting here below,
To play you a toon on de old banjo.
Oh, oh, oh, &c.

Old Ben him sing and den him laugh,
Enough to crack him sides in half;
And den him play on de fiddle a toon,
Somesin he call "*De man in de moon.*"
Oh, oh, oh, &c.

To de cotton field he go one day,
And on him old fiddle begin to play;
Dat make all de niggers to point de toe,
And dance to de music ob old Ben Roe.
Oh, oh, oh, &c.

At night, when all de work was done,
Old Ben he still make lots ob fun;
Him get all de nigger gals all ob a row,
And sing dem a song to de old banjo.
Oh, oh, oh, &c.

SPRING.

SWEET Spring is returning, in gayest attire,
 Our spirits to gladden, our hearts to inspire.
 It bids winter vanish, with all its dull hours,
 And decks nature o'er with the brightest of flowers ;
 It calls into beauty the sweet-scented trees,
 Whose perfumes are spread by the soft, gentle breeze.
 Oh ! beautiful Spring ! in thy glorious array,
 At thy bright appearance all dulness gives way ;
 Thou causest the buds in gay clusters to throng,
 And birds are proclaiming thy welcome in song.
 Thy presence sheds lustre and sweetness around,
 And makes herb and blossom in richness abound ;
 The fields, clad in green, at thy presence appear,
 The cuckoo's soft warbling delighteth our ear.
 All nature is teeming with anthems to sing
 In praise of thy loveliness, beautiful Spring !

NOT QUITE A FOOL.

WHEN a little boy, I was one day in one of my father's fields in the hay-making time, enjoying myself with the work-people, when twelve o'clock came round, and every one began preparing to take his dinner. My father had in his service an old man named Benjamin W—re, who had a wife named Jinny, but who was too old to work, and consequently was at home, keeping house. Old Benjamin was a very eccentric character, and his sayings were sometimes very dry and very amusing. He and others were, on this occasion, seated by the side of a large hay-cock, and were about unwrapping their humble fare, when my father's boy, John W—ing, to tease the old man, said, "Benjamin, Jinny has sent you a mutton chop for your dinner !" Benjamin, knowing very well that that was a thing most improbable, replied, "*I knows her an't !*" "*I knows her have,*" replied the other ; "*and here it is ;*" but still did not produce it. "A—h !" said old Ben, "I beunt *quite* a fool, but I beunt *fur off one !*"

SENT TO THE INCOME TAX COLLECTORS.

My dear Mr. Sharpe, you still, I see, harp

On my giving up part of my pelf;

Were it not for good luck I should soon be fast stuck,

And then have none left for myself.

Written from New Oxford Street, before all the buildings were completed.

Dear Mr. Collector, you cannot expect, sir,

That I can say much about *Income* ;

Our street is not finished, the Trade is diminished,

So we seldom can see any *Tin* come.

Between you and me, I cannot well see

How I am to fill up this paper ;

I only can say (a remark by the way),

To me it's "a precious rum caper!"

I've said it before, and I'll say it again,

Moreover I'll say it to *you*, gentlemen,

I'd care not for Property tax, nor the Income,

If I could but only see plenty of *TIN* come.

* *This* Tax of all others I ought not to pay ;

Instead of an income, its *more t'other way* ;

But while you imagine I've got a few pounds,

I suppose you'll expect me to "*shell out the browns*."

* An anonymous reply to the above, received by post.

Your poetic objection to part with your pence

Possesses some merit of humour and sense ;

But if in your *singing* your talent no worse is,

You'll not save your pocket by spinning your verses.

LINES ON MY NATIVE VILLAGE, -
BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

MY dear, my native village home !
To thee my thoughts will often roam,
And backward look, with fond delight,
To those dear scenes to me so bright,
Those scenes of youth and boyish glee
When time ran on so happily,
When all was joyous, all was gay,
And every month to me seemed May.
When I would gaze on thy pure stream,
Which glittered in the sun's bright beam,
And think how blest was I, to be
Born in a village like to thee !
How little then I knew of care,
My fondest hopes seemed centred there,
I had no wish from thee to roam,
My joy was in my village home !

How oft upon thy banks I'd lie
And watch thy waters rippling by,
While summer birds from bush and tree
Rejoiced me with their melody ;
And oft on thy green banks I've roved
With those my young heart fondly loved,
When flags* were waving 'mid the sound
Of joyful music floating round.
Alas ! those days have long since past—
Those happy days too bright to last,
Yet still they'll, like some magic spell,
For ever in my memory dwell.

But other objects meet my sight,
The Buryfields my eyes delight,
Its lovers' walk and rustic bower,
Where I've spent many a by-gone hour ;

* Bourton Club.

Thy little church and chapel, too,
'Midst wide-spread trees of varied hue
Thy cupola, thy water-mill,
Whose memories hover round me still ;
Thy poplars tapering to the sky,—
Thy noble chesnuts spreading by,—
Thy manor-house and rookery,
Will likewise long remembered be !

A spot I also much admire
Is Nanny Harris's at the Wire (Weir)—
This little spot must ever claim
A verse from me, however tame ;
No artist's pencil e'er could miss
To sketch a homestead such as this,—
Its picturesque appearance will
And ever must demand his skill.
The brook, too, laughing with delight,
Runs thither to behold the sight,—
And if my thoughts do not deceive,
Is sometimes very loth to leave ;
For oft on its arrival there
'Twill turn and give a lingering stare,
And murmurs very much indeed
If you attempt to *force* its speed.
And then the overhanging trees,
Which bend with so much grace and ease,
Oft bow their heads of leafy green,
And gently smile upon the scene !

A circumstance to me occurs
That happened in my younger years,
And did a little *joke* create,
Which I'll endeavour to relate.
As I one day was passing by
Old Nanny's cot, I chanced to spy

Some *little ducks** she had to sell,
Three-ha'pence each, which pleased me well ;
So in I trudged, my cash in hand,
As great as any in the land,
And as she only *three* had got,
I soon resolved to buy the lot.
I then ran home with pleasure wild,
And thought myself a clever child,
But soon found out that I had been
A silly boy, and *very green* !
My father asked me how came I
To spend my cash so foolishly ;
Why I did not my money keep.
I said—*because they were so cheap*.
It did not take him very long
To prove to me I'd acted wrong ;
“ Nothing,” said he, “ I think you'll grant,
Is ever cheap you do not want.”
This little lesson has by me
Been cherished in my memory,
And there I trust will ever last,
A reminiscence of the past.
Oft have I strolled round Bourton Hill,
To view thy picture further still,
And as I've scanned the landscape o'er
I've found fresh beauties yet in store.
The Cotswold Hills may there be seen,
Whose winding rivers run between ;
Stow tower, and Icomb round-house, too,
Are there presented to the view.

Another sight to me appears ;
I mean the Bourton Volunteers,
Who at the sound of fife and drum
Set all the village in a hum ;

* Toys.

To see them mustered on the green—
A motlier group was never seen !
Some straight, some crooked, some high, some low,
Yet all made up a goodly show ;
And when they were arranged in ranks,
And waiting for the Captain, Hanks,
Each seemed to say within his heart—
Oh ! won't we make old "*Bony*" smart !
Then Uncle Beale was quite *au fait*,
With fine cocked hat and feather gay ;
Who called aloud with all his might,
" Fall in !" " Attention !" and " Eyes right !"
And then he'd eye them up and down,
With now a smile, and then a frown ;
But never did he better *please*
Than when he bade them "*Stand at ease !*"
And then the boys, with winks and nods,
Cried—" Come and see the *Ockerd Squads !*"
Who looked as stiff as any wall,
And couldn't *stand at ease* at all.
And now the Band in front appeared,
Whose martial sounds were quickly heard,
Who, soon as all were formed in rows,
Struck up the tune of " Off she goes !"
To " Whiteshoots" then they marched away,
To " Fire !" and make a great display !
And thus a pleasant day was spent
By all who were on pleasure bent.

Then, on a bright December morn,
To hear the huntsman's loud, shrill horn,
Inviting all on horse or hack
To follow in bold Reynard's track !
To see them mounted in the field,
What rapturous pleasure did it yield !
The ladies joining in the treat,
And by their presence graced the meet ;

And when the cunning fox they found,
 To see them scamper o'er the ground,—
 Each rider trying to outvie
 His neighbour in the well-known cry !
 Some dressed in scarlet, some in green—
 Oh ! what a joy-inspiring scene ;
 All galloping with main and might
 O'er hill and dale, till lost to sight.

Then, on a cold and wintry night,
 When all was dark, save candle-light.
 The Mummers they would come their round,
 With heavy footsteps o'er the ground ;
 And, after thumping at your door,
 Would enter—six or seven, or more ;
 With face disguised, and dress so rude,
 Thought it no harm to thus intrude ;
 The first, who had an old birch broom,
 Prepared at once to sweep the room ;
 The others following in time,
 And muttering some ancient rhyme.
 When this was done and all arranged,
 In came the last, *like one deranged*,
 Who, having roughly made his way,
 Bowed low to all, and thus did say :—
*“ And here comes I as an't bin it,
 With my gret yeud and little wit,
 My yeud's so big, and my wit's so small,
 But I'll endeavour to plase ye all !”*
 They then set up a merry dance,
 The scene more *highly* to enhance,
 And when 'twas o'er, to *our* delight,
 They all retired, and bade “ Good Night.”

And on some starry night I'd steal
 To listen to the merry peal

Which rang from out the old church tower
 (Beguiling many a happy hour) ;
 Which seemed to say, in merry chime,
 Come, neighbours ! this is Christmas time !
 Prepare ye all, both high and low,
 The holly and the misletoe !

And oft upon a moonlight night
 I've looked upon thy waters bright,
 And, gazing on the scene around,
 Could fancy it was fairy ground.

Then, see thee in the summer-time,
 And view thy fields in all their prime,
 Bedecked with many a floweret gay,
 Or waving corn in gold array ;
 And watch the skylark soaring high,
 Trilling his wild notes merrily ;
 Or wander through the silent vale,
 Where plaintive sings the nightingale.

How oft between the *rows of trees* *
 I've felt the balmy summer breeze,
 Spreading its cooling wings around,
 And shedding odour o'er the ground ;
 And, as I've walked with measured pace,
 Admiring Nature's lovely face,
 I've thought of spirits long since fled
 Whose ashes mingle with the dead.
 There *Foster* † lived, whose glorious name
 For ages yet will live in fame ;
 Whose works of labour and of love
 Will live through endless realms above.
 There *Beddome* ‡, *Coles* §, and others, too,
 Whose verses will be ever new,

* Two noble rows of trees with gravel walk adjoining the church-yard.

† The celebrated Essayist.

‡ Author of *Beddome's Sermons, Hymns, &c. &c.*

§ Forty years minister of Bourton Chapel.

And sung by numbers yet unborn
On many a coming Sabbath morn.

My mother there first drew her breath,
And there my father sleeps in death;
A sister, too, lies buried there,
Who was her parents' love and care.
My mother with thee still remains,
And all her faculties retains—
Although fourscore and six her years,
She ever cheerful still appears!

Thou ever dear and rural spot,
By me thou'lt never be forgot—
And, while I'm spared my voice to raise,
I'll ever use it to thy praise.
Had I the gift of poetry,
My constant muse should be of thee,
And I'd endeavour to impart
To all the world how dear thou art!

THE NEW YEAR'S ANTHEM.

O LORD, our righteousness,
In thy great mercy bless
Our widowed Queen:
Do Thou her footsteps guide,
And keep her near Thy side;
May she in Thee abide
God save the Queen.

O Thou who reign'st above,
With Thy paternal love
Guard Thou our Queen:
May Thy protecting arm
Shield her from every harm,
And from all foes' alarm,
God save the Queen.

Lord, from Thy throne on high
Look with a pitying eye
On our loved Queen :
Do Thou her solace be,—
From sorrow keep her free,—
O may she trust in Thee ;
God save the Queen.

“ Lord of all power and might,”
Comfort by day and night
Our gracious Queen :
O make her path to shine
With rays of love divine,
Till she in heaven be Thine ;
God save the Queen.

God of the fatherless,
O do Thou ever bless
Albert, our Prince :
May Thy unerring care
Watch o’er him everywhere :
Lord, answer this our prayer ;
God save the Prince.

Lord, through Thy grace may he
Ever a blessing be
To our good Queen :
Let thy love without end
On England’s throne descend,
And ever, Lord, defend
Both Prince and Queen.

THE END.



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